MEMOIR

19

OF

REV. SUTHERLAND DOUGLAS.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE

QUARTERLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR,

FOR DECEMBER, 1832.

New-Haven:
PRINTED BY BALDWIN & TREADWAY.
1832.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

https://archive.org/details/memoirofrevsuthe00twin

MEMOIR, &c.

SUTHERLAND DOUGLAS, a servant of Christ, and a minister of the gospel, died two years ago in England. He had traveled for his health in several countries of the eastern continent, and was on the eve of returning to the United States, and to the ministry which engaged all his affections. His friends and family were expecting soon to welcome his restoration to them and to the church, when suddenly his departure from this world was announced. Before the day had arrived when they thought of him as embarked on the ocean, his entrance had been made, as they now feel assured, into the joys of his Lord. But he has left a precious legacy behind him,—his example, his labors, and the "memory of the just."

Of the present memoir the object is, not alone, nor chiefly, to indulge the wish which is prompted by the affection and grief of a circle of numerous friends—that of seeing their recollections of departed worth embodied in some enduring form. The subject of this narrative was a follower of the Lamb; and our desire is that men may imitate his example in all things in which he imitated *Christ*. He was also one in whom the most attractive qualities of natural character were beautifully blended with the graces of a christian. May they hold the same relation in this memoir which they did in real life, and affect the reader as they did the beholder!

Much of what we are about to present, rests on the authority of personal knowledge—an intimate acquaintance co-extensive with the period which these memoirs embrace. The history is enriched, besides, by the reminiscences of friends. But more interesting than all of them, will be found the extracts from his Journal; which, written at intervals sometimes of days, and sometimes of months, is a record of his own mind. We shall see a youth, in a revival of religion, yielding the supreme affections of his heart to Christ, and transferring his designs, hopes, and motives, from the scale of time to that of eternity. We shall see him ever afterwards acting under an impression of the immeasurable capacities and worth of the soul; and fixing all the hopes of time on that ministry which calls back wanderers to their Shepherd and Bishop. Amidst the most interesting relations of life, through an education for the gospel ministry and short but faithful labors in it, in the failure of many hopes, in mingled griefs and rejoicings, and under the pressure of a resistless malady, we shall trace a "sinner saved by grace" ripening for glory.

Sutherland Douglas was born in 1804, in the vicinity of Troy, N. Y. His parents, who were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, had trained him up with uncommon care; and at the early age of fourteen he was placed for the completion of his education at Yale College. Here he was noticed for a remarkably youthful air and size, a sweet expression of countenance, and mild and manly manners. Soon after he joined his class, young Douglas gave decisive indications of superior scholarship; though he seems to have labored but little beyond the allotted hours of study. In the retrospections of his Journal, the two first years of his college life, are looked back to as a period that was passed without any adequate conception of the preciousness of time, and the evening hours as spent in a manner worse than idle. In fact his course thus far, was beset by dangers, such as have impressed on many a young man's character lasting injury; since it brought him into close contact with some unworthy fellow-students, of whose frolics he was the amused spectator, though not a partner, that we know, in any thing disorderly—much less any thing corrupt. But, at the end of his second year all was changed; the thoughtless and worldly Sutherland was brought to "a sound mind," and to a resolution, that "the time past of his life should suffice to have wrought the will of the flesh."

In the latter part of the summer of 1820, an unusual sensation on religious subjects, was prevalent at New-Haven, and shortly after, in the college. Numbers of persons, with no common intercourse or communication, were impressed about the same time, with a deep solemnity, and felt the reality of divine truth in a way unknown before. The true disciples of Jesus found a new impulse added to their christian desires and hopes. Unconverted sinners in great numbers, were intently occupied with the inquiry "what shall I do to be saved?" By some these serious impressions were resisted, though ineffectually—by some resisted till they were gone; but, when not resisted to the end, in almost every case, peace sooner or later dawned upon the mind. Many date from this season their first knowledge of religion as an active principle, their first satisfying hope, their first taste of solid happiness. This we need not say, was a REVIVAL OF RELIGION; known before and since, in places without number; but elsewhere unknown, and by numbers, in the very seat of them, exceedingly misunderstood. At this period are dated the first lines written in the Journal of young Douglas, which are interesting, as they show the gradations through which that dawn arose in a young christian's heart, which was destined to 'shine more and more to the light of perfect day'.

My attention was turned to the concerns of religion on Thursday evening, the 17th of August 1820, through the means of the Rev. Mr. N———, who preach-

ed, that evening, in the theological chamber. I thought of the subject more and more every day until Saturday evening the 26th, when I heard Prof. G——— preach in the same chamber. He also delivered an affectionate address to those students who were seriously inclined, on Sunday evening. On Tuesday morning I conversed with him in private; and I then entertained a hope that I had obtained an interest in my Redeemer. On Saturday afternoon, the 2d of Sept. Dr. B——— delivered an address to some of the students, concerning the character of the true christian. This occasioned some doubt in my mind concerning my situation. Monday I felt doubtful and unhappy; in the evening I attended a monthly concert of prayer, in the theological chamber. (Tuesday 25th) Examination begins. There is in college too little seriousness. I retired to my room and spent the morning in self-examination and prayer; I read Doddridge, 13th to 17th chapters, on the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." I felt my own sinfulness and inability to do any thing of myself: I then cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and offered up the following prayer." * * * * * * * *

His confession of sins and helplessness; his thankful acceptance of salvation by Christ; his covenant to be the Lord's, wholly and forever; his desire to be transformed into the image of God, are recorded and signed with his name. He prays that on his death-bed, he may remember the solemn transaction, and that God may remember it too; and that "if any surviving friend should, when I am in the dust, meet with this memorial of my solemn transaction with thee, he may make the engagement his own, and partake in all the blessings of thy covenant, through Jesus Christ."

One may reasonably suppose that this act of dedication was in his thoughts, when near his death in a lucid interval, he said, "This is not a time for a man to utter what is in the depths of his heart,—I made the Savior my trust in more suitable and more favorable times." A few passages that follow, exhibit his prevailing state of mind after conversion.

Sept. 11th.—Mr. F———, our tutor, delivered, this morning, a very affectionate farewell address to the division. He is very much beloved by all that know him, particularly by the members of his division. When I reflected that I had sometimes displeased my tutor, who had always endeavored to promote my welfare, the tears trickled down my cheeks.

Sunday, Nov. 5th.—This day I have enjoyed more than any other of this term. I hope to partake of the holy sacrament of our Lord's supper at the next celebration. I am still by far too much attached to the world and its vanities, too much disturbed by envy, ambition, pride, vanity and self-righteousness; but I am comforted by the thought that the Lord is merciful, and is not extreme to mark what is done amiss, that the truly penitent and believing will find forgiveness with him, and strength to overcome all the enemies of the soul.

Sunday, Dec. 31st.—On Christmas I first partook of the sacrament of the Lord's supper.—One half-hour, more and another year is gone forever. Solemn thought! a year fraught with events that will ever be remembered with pleasure; that have caused joy in heaven, and added to the number of those that sing the praises of the Lamb during the endless ages of eternity.—Heavenly Father! may the time past of my life suffice to have wrought the will of the flesh; and may I henceforth be entirely devoted to thy service,—abound in love and all the christian graces,—ever rely on the merits of Jesus for forgiveness—the Spirit for strength and comfort,—be more and more weaned from the world, prepared for eternity, and finally, in thine own appointed time, be received into thy heavenly kingdom for my Redeemer's sake. And to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be ascribed all the glory forever. Amen.

During this period, the devotion of young Douglas to spiritual subjects, was very marked. He was to be met in the circles for social prayer, and the assemblies of christians for mutual encouragement in their heavenly race. His desire for the salvation of his companions was manifest in many a solemn, many a persuasive form of exhortation and example. As you saw him move along the paths of life, something brought up to mind at once a solemn and a childlike image. The serene look, the meditative walk, the gentle motion and accent, were all consonant to the idea of a heart, peaceful, chastened, elevated. To those who did not see him at that time, one cannot easily convey a full impression of the loveliness to which religion formed and tempered all his acts. The tenor of his life it turned to a sweet and placid solemnity. The observer could well have felt the truth of Hannah More's remark, that *happiness* is a *serious* thing.

It was at this time that a friend in college, who had long loved him, and been loved in return, met him, and gently asked why of late he had seemed to avoid him? Douglas told him all the truth—he loved indeed, but feared to cherish an *intimacy* with any one who did not love his Savior. To the same friend again, after divine truth had reached *him* too with its subduing efficacy, he wrote; and in a remarkable passage, too long to be copied here, told the aching of heart with which he once thought their companionship *in time*, must terminate without any security of their meeting in a higher existence in eternity. Thus was he ready to sacrifice even the heart's cherished affections, to what he judged to be his Lord's command.

At this time, sabbath schools and the collateral agencies for the spiritual benefit of the young, the ignorant, and friendless, were in their germ, when compared with their present state of maturity; and it is a fact worthy of record, that the piety of this young christian found for itself a path to good ends, almost untrodden at that time, but opened since in full, and likely to become beaten by the steps of many pious messengers, who shall go forth as city missionaries. He went out alone, in the suburbs of New-Haven, and in the dwellings of the ignorant and destitute, "to seek and to save them that were lost." Regardless of poverty or color, he sought out the spiritual and temporal wants of the destitute; and opened there the rich fountains of charity and gospel grace. There, amid rags, and rudeness, where hearts are bowed by sorrows that rarely find their way into the enclosures of abundance and mental cultivation, in the spirit of his master, he preached the gospel to the poor.

At the Junior exhibition, in May, 1821, he was selected to perform a prominent part. His subject was the "character of Hen-

ry Martyn." His public speaking, like his life, was calm and cheerfully serious; and it is well remembered how unusual an impression was carried to the minds of those who heard him, when, at the close, rapt in contemplation of the sacred fires which that pure and holy man may yet prove to have lighted up amid the darkness of Paganism, he repeated in a manner less of oratory than of prayer, the concluding quotation.

> "Then shake the heavens, thou Mightiest, and descend,
> While truth and peace thy radiant march attend:
> With wearied hopes thy thousand empires groan,
> Our aching eyes demand thy promised throne;
> Oh! cheer the realms from life and sunshine far,
> Oh! plant in eastern skies thy seven-fold star."

The character which we are aiming to delineate, is one that was not liable to sudden fluctuations. It was marked by great evenness and uniformity both of feeling and action; and the changes to which it was actually subject, extended through periods of time, and advanced with slow steps. We find him in his Journal, often lamenting barren and sinful states of mind. His christian hopes were a subject of constant and anxious scrutiny; but to the hour of death, it is not known, that he ever questioned the reality of his interest in Christ's salvation, through all his sins, sorrows, trials, and fears. There was a period, commencing toward the close of his collegiate life, and ending we know not exactly when, during which, though he lived under the influence of genuine religious principle, he had lost, in some degree, the tender and sweet cast of piety with which his christian life began. In fact, near the close of the senior year, we find him engaged with a large part of his class, not indeed in resisting the faculty of the college, but in urging measures which they disapproved, in a spirit for which he afterwards expressed his deep regret. This is the only instance, and we have mentioned it in this light alone, in which his feelings are known to have betrayed him into open acts, which he was led afterwards to condemn.

Having graduated with the highest honors of the institution, at the commencement in 1822, he took up his residence for a time in New-Haven. His plan was ultimately to enter into the ministry of the Episcopal church, upon whose bosom his childhood had been cast, and towards whose ministrations he felt predisposed; but his present object was to give a wider scope to his intellect by the pursuit of general knowledge. During the winter his time was profitably spent in study, in social intercourse, and the indulgence of those generous affections which made him, in the families where his heart was laid open without restraint, the delight of every circle. In April of the following year, he left New-Haven in a depressed

state of mind; the result of incidents interesting in their private relations. In his Journal he speaks of laboring under "a calm and concealed grief—sometimes seeming to chill the heart with insensibility,—-at others melting it to tenderness, and again causing it to ache with excess of emotion." The summer was passed at Troy, where his hours were given to study and reflection, and to a steady contemplation of the approaching duties and solemn account of the gospel ministry. Here, for a time, his health seemed to be worn upon by the strength of his feelings; but this excess of emotion he found it at last a duty to resist; and their ultimate effect was doubtless happy on his character and piety. Many reflections upon theological and practical subjects mix themselves in the journal of this period, with striking incidents and states of mind. Some passages will be transcribed,—not, in every case, the most spiritual that might be selected, but the best suited to the current of this history, and to a knowledge of their author's mode of thought and feeling. In the last extract it may possibly be wondered at, that a young man in his study should by himself conceive such enlarged, though simple views of doctrine.

July 2d.—That others should overrate my attainments—deeming me at all superior, for one of my age, as a scholar, makes me but feel my own ignorance. It was not until senior year that I became sensible of the value of time, and of the bearing of my studies upon future usefulness. Junior year had been the time of that mighty work of grace which prevailed throughout Connecticut. I was very fond of religious meetings, and probably too inattentive to the duties of a student. Had I more faithfully attended to my *closet duties* and studies, it might better have advanced my spiritual as well as intellectual improvement. * * * *

At the beginning of junior year I was perfectly ignorant of the *sectarian peculiarities* of doctrine: and I sincerely rejoice that I was so. Prejudiced by education in favor of no one class of sentiments, my mind was the more favorably disposed for the investigation of religious truth, and my constant effort has been to know *only the truth*,—to adopt opinions from weight of evidence and without regard to sect. Oh! that I might attain and ever pursue this, *the only safe* course, amid the labyrinths of error.—Next fall, at the age of nineteen, I am to enter on the preparatory studies of a profession,—and that the most sacred and responsible assigned to frail man. In view of the christian ministry, how deeply ought my heart to respond to the language of the sainted Martyn,—"What a *knowledge* of *man*, and acquaintance with the *scriptures*, what *communion* with *God* and study of *my own heart*, ought to prepare me for the awful work of a messenger from God, on the business of the soul."

July 5th.—I was never so fond of study as this summer. I know not that I care much for distinction, or this world's praise; but the pursuit of knowledge seems more delightful in itself, and yet more valuable as a means of usefulness. This subject, however, like all others, assumes its true interest only in relation to eternity. * * * *

At the first moment of existence the mind enters upon a course which reaches through eternity.

It is formed for *continual* improvement—to be enriched with knowledge and strengthened by discipline,—to take more and more enlarged views,—to put forth an increasing energy upon the subjects of investigation, which the *universe* presents. The mere laying aside, at death, of its material form, can be attended with no pause in the progress of mind. That point, therefore, in the scale of *intellectual*, as well as moral improvement, which shall have been reached when we leave

the present state, is to be our *starting point for eternity*.—What a motive, here, to the most faithful improvement of means!

Aug. 1st.—I have sometimes been asked, "are you a Calvinist?"—If, to be a Calvinist, one must adopt every sentiment of that great reformer, I presume there are few such at the present day; for the human mind makes advances, from age to age; and surely theology, like every other science, is capable of improvement. As terms become more defined, one's views upon every subject ought to become more clear and correct. To many, the term Calvinistic, is one at which they startle with contempt or horror. I have no doubt, that few who use it, have looked into the works of Calvin. From what I have read in them, I consider his views incorrect of the influence of Adam's fall on his posterity,—or else his exhibition of those views not clear. And I might say the same of his remarks upon some other subjects; but some sentiments have been imputed to him which I cannot find. The ideas of "Christ's dying only for his elect," of any irresistible influence of the Spirit, and of mere caprice or partiality on the part of God, seem to me wholly foreign to his mind. He ascribes only a persuasive influence to the Holy Spirit—man's destruction to his own voluntary persistence in sin.

After all I sincerely wish these terms, so odious, "Calvinistic," "Arminian," and others, were banished. It matters very little what Calvin thought, or any other man, or body of men. If the best examination we are capable of giving, convinces us a sentiment is incorrect, it is our's to reject it; and to adopt our every opinion because we judge it true, not because it is a part of some favorite system. The bible only is infallible,—the sole authority in matters of religious belief.

To me man seems to stand in two distinct relations to God. The one is that of a free agent under his moral government; perfectly capable of performing his duty. Such was Adam; and such is every human being, at the present day, from the unknown period of his existence, when moral agency commences. Previously, I cannot conceive his having any moral character. Our circumstances are different from those of Adam; our native *powers* the same. Scripture states the simple fact, that every man, being thus situated, has chosen to transgress the law of God. His ruin were the necessary result, had not the Redeemer graciously died to save. All, having transgressed, are called upon simply to put full trust in Christ; and are perfectly capable of this act of faith: but the bible tells us that *no one*, left to himself, would choose to avail himself of this way of salvation,—and here God justly might leave all to perish with accumulated guilt. The only depravity of which I can conceive, is that of the *voluntary acts* of the soul. By total depravity I simply mean, that all the acts of every unconverted man, which have a moral character, are transgressions of the law of God.

I come now to man's second relation to God; that of a subject of the influence of the Spirit.

The nature of this influence is doubtless persuasive, for the only way in which the human mind can be operated upon, is that of motives. We know not the mode of the Spirit's operations: His office may be to present more powerful motives, or give greater efficacy to those already presented. This influence is perhaps exerted to a greater or less degree upon all men. At any rate, these operations involve no more interference with free agency than does the influence of one man over another, to convince and to persuade. But the bible teaches that God, for reasons known only to himself, but entirely consistent with his perfections, has chosen to save certain individuals of the human race; and only these does the Spirit incline to submission, to repentance, to faith in Christ, and to a life of holiness,—that the merits of their Savior may secure the forgiveness and acceptance of God, and an eternal residence in the mansions "prepared for them from the foundation of the world." And this purpose, like every other of the immutable God, while it affects not the justice of the act, has existed from eternity. Those who perish, perish simply because they "*will not come* to Christ that they may have life." And it may be, for aught we know, that a gracious God will have put forth every effort to save them too which he could, without infringing upon their free agency, or upon the perfections of his own character. Thus the salvation of every saint in heaven, will have been owing wholly to the merits of Christ, of which the Spirit alone will have inclined them to avail themselves. This is my view of the doctrine of "particular election;" a doctrine which, in

the highest degree, illustrates the sovereign grace and mercy of God, and the perverse rebellion of man,—while it is as perfectly consistent with free agency, in the latter, as any of the operations of divine Providence in accomplishing his eternal purposes."

At the end of October, 1823, Douglas left Troy for Andover, in Massachusetts, to begin his course of theological study. After much inquiry and balancing of opposite opinions, he had conceived a fixed desire to avail himself, one year at least, of the benefits of that noble institution. This determination, he feared, might give rise to a misapprehension of his motives, in the minds of many, and especially those of his own denomination. But apprehensions of this kind could not weigh against the hope of solid acquisitions; and the question of his sincere attachment to that denomination, he left to be decided by events, or to remain unsettled, if any finally should doubt it, on the ground either of that choice, or his free and friendly communion with pious persons of every name.

At Andover we find him exulting in the acquisition of important knowledge, delighted with the simple language of the Hebrews, and the clearness which a knowledge of it gives the sacred writings. His Journal at this period, and his letters, are not copious; and, for the most part, mark the progress of his thoughts and studies, his practical reflections, and occasionally, his solemn contemplations of eternal things. He has not failed to record the warm regard in which he held his instructors, the private conversation of some of whom he enjoyed and highly valued. His just principles of christian communion may be gathered from the following incidental paragraph.

January 4th, 1824.—This morning the Lord's supper was administered: It was a very interesting season of communion; and at dinner it was pleasing to see the brethren comparatively silent and thoughtful. Before church I had an interesting and candid discussion with brother G——, of our church, upon the propriety of Episcopalians' receiving the sacrament from ministers of other denominations. He accorded with me, chiefly, in sentiment. My reasons for it, and for receiving with open arms, sincere christians of whatever minor name, are very clear to me."

By acting openly upon the principle set forth in the preceding extract, the subject of this narrative had given offense to many of his own church, who could not agree with him. It was, in fact, a subject much contested in that church. Many went the length of asserting, that Christ never authorized a church out of Episcopal succession and organization; and that out of it, no man has a *promise* of salvation, though saved he may be by the "uncovenanted mercies" of God. To these, of course, communion with christians of another name, was uncongenial. But another class, who still were strenuous for Episcopal organization, as being of divine

appointment and matter of obligation upon all men, did yet argue that other churches, holding the pure doctrine of the gospel and practising its precepts, are *true* churches, though unsound in matters of government; and were willing to give full credence to their acceptance with God, from the fact, that God in his providence had most abundantly conferred on such, in common with themselves, the graces of the Spirit. To persons of this way of thinking, it was in no wise inconsistent with a proper preference of their own sect, to unite with the pious of every class, in acts of christian intercourse and of common christian effort.

Douglas himself appears to have occupied a still broader ground, which he held in common with a few influential clergymen of his own church. Episcopal ordination was desired by him upon two grounds; one of *conscience*, the other of *inclination*. For first, he was clear as to the promise of usefulness, and felt that God assigned him a share in that ministry, because in that He had opened before him the choicest hopes of doing good. This too, was the church to which his early and unchecked prepossessions naturally led. In its rites he had been nurtured, and its baptism he had received. Here dwelt his friends and kindred; and he could not choose but say, "peace be within thee." To its constitution also, and its modes of worship, his judgment set its seal. Its petitions and thanksgivings, which grow deeper in devotion by oft repeating; its impressive litany; its solemn anthems, which elevate the soul to heaven; all its decent and orderly modes of humble approach to the King of Kings, gave impulse, in his bosom, to a chord that sent forth tones in unison.

With respect to any peculiar divine efficacy in Episcopal ordinances, or special sanction of Episcopal succession, or obligation upon men to range under the banner of that one church,—he did not hold to their reality. His mind took hold of the present age, and not of the ages past. He loved his mother church for her matron graces and care of his childhood, much more than her primogeniture or lineal descent. Need his brethren apprehend from this, that he loved with cold affection?

The Episcopal church is one of the few that have in themselves the elements of permanent existence; and such in the main, as it is at present, there seems no valid reason to deny it may continue to be to the end of time. What the subject of this narrative was in holiness, we may judge hereafter, when we come to see his lovely piety as developed in his ministerial labors and sufferings, and all the heart's most inward feelings brought to light; but we feel, from the history of his sentiments thus far, that it describes a minister of that stamp of Episcopacy which will flourish in the millennial period.

Among the various christian denominations, sectarian principles prevail, similar to those which have been pointed out as common in the Episcopal church. In that church they fix themselves upon forms of worship and ecclesiastical government; but in some others, upon unessential sentiments or points of doctrine. The mental principle is alike in all; and the result is, much real, and still more apparent difference among churches. Unbelievers mark the discordance of opinion and of feeling, and derive an argument exactly the reverse of that saying of the ancient pagans, "See how these christians love one another."

Now, while this contention and jealousy among evangelical christians prevail, it is all the while true that the contending parties are actually the same thing in doctrine and practice, notwithstanding what is thought by others and themselves of their great diversities in both. The world, when it argues a discordance among evangelical sects, about the real truths of religion, is altogether weak in its conclusions, and wrong in its premises. The writer's course of life has of necessity made him an associate of every sect of evangelical christians. For months he has sat under Episcopal ordinances, then again he has wandered where the Methodist preacher alone teaches the lonely neighborhood the word of God; he has listened to Baptists, to Lutherans, to Presbyterians; and observation constrains him to say, that all these do preach the same system of truth and duty. Prayers and sermons take a stamp as the preacher is a man more or less in earnest,—of large or narrow comprehension; and in different classes, peculiar modes of thinking show themselves. In worship some approve what others deem irreverent; yet throughout the sects known commonly as evangelical, to all essential ends of the gospel, in the humble shed and lofty temple, the *same great truths* are set forth, though not certainly on the same philosophical principles; and one with no more reason can infer from their different hues, that Methodist and Congregational christianity are not the same, than he could conclude that the light from planets is not the same, because one is silvery, and another rosy.

It is true, among the more zealous sectarians of every title, one occasionally meets with manifestations that look like great diversity. If, for example, a warm Methodist in a course of teaching, should meet a Presbyterian thought; or a warm Calvinist come down into Arminian enclosures, or either strike on some distinctive point to which great adherence must be exhibited—then, awhile, the sound of stormy zeal takes all the listening audience; and not till the earthquake and the fire are over, is the waiting soul arrested by the gospel's still small voice.

Most men do not know how speedily intercourse and friendly acquaintance, would break up all the importance usually attached to

party names. It is to be lamented that they do not. A congregationalist of New-England—one that has grown to manhood with no partiality for denominations diverse from his own, would soon feel disposed to put himself and them on a common footing. He would see, to take an illustration from our literary institutions, in a Methodist, Baptist, or Episcopal college, a common benefit to christians; and would rejoice in their prosperity and enlargement.

Such, preeminently, were the feelings of him whose life and spirit are the subject of these pages. To him the summit of all desire was reached, when souls were gathered in to Christ; whether by the ministration of his own chosen ordinances, or in some foreign land, under the shade of a banana, by the voice of the itinerant missionary. His own modes of worship might be very dear; but in that mind there was no feeling tinged with tenderness which did not flow out in love to any, however named, and and wherever met, who were to be companions in eternity.

The mind of Mr. Douglas was exceedingly fearless in the search for truth; and only the more so from feeling a solemn accountability for his opinions. He was fond of thinking, as well as acting, without regard to name or party,—as ready, in the views of doctrine which his judgment approved, to side with an Arminian, as a Calvinist. He was therefore able to decide with candor between opposing writers, and had the disposition to obtain from such as on the whole, differed from his views, all the light and truth he could; a disposition which is more commonly commended than indulged, and which there would be less need to notice if it were more prevalent. As a second consequence, his modes of reasoning sometimes gave alarm to those who were accustomed to walk in more beaten tracks. By this must be explained the fact that, in the course of theological inquiry and debate at Andover, having penned a doctrinal essay on an important subject, he was refused the opportunity of reading it in the presence of the class, in the customary course of dissertations; and that afterwards at the institution in New-York, to which this memoir shortly will conduct him, now and then a sentiment of his was looked upon as tinctured with heresy. In short, he was a reasoner of that class of which the age, as one may hope with reason, is to be prolific, who do not hesitate to discard old and venerable maxims, if they seem to stand in opposition to the bible and correct philosophy.

The year spent at Andover, was ever a source of grateful recollection to Mr. Douglas, for the benefit it yielded, both in theology and a knowledge of the bible. But in September, having completed one year's course, he removed his membership, as at first designed, to the Episcopal seminary at New-York. Here, it is evident, his christian character gained great tenderness and enlarge-

ment. He was in the bosom of his own church and people. The ministry to which he looked was near at hand. He held familiar intercourse with devoted christians of his own sect, and met frequently a pious circle of Dr. Milner's congregation, with great satisfaction and profit to his soul. The tender relations of life—in part the most tender of which the mind is capable—began more nearly than ever to gather around him; and so entire a habit had he of consecrating all to God, that social enjoyments and a warm regard for his dearest friends, added to and formed a component part of the current of religious life. Among the records of the incidents and feelings of this period, there is one passage which details some portion of an evening's conversation with the Rev. Mr. N———, by whose ministry his thoughts were first awakened to a religious life; and were it not for the allusions it contains to private history, we should insert it, as exhibiting the deep and permanent interest which he felt, in one who was made under God the instrument of his conversion. A few quotations from the Journal are here inserted.

March 5, 1825.—It does seem that, for two years, I have been in a state of cold speculation and stupidity; enjoying scarcely any communion with my God, communing little with my own heart, careless about the salvation of others, and almost forgetting how many, even around me, are perishing in sin.

But this term, I hope, God has mercifully arrested me and led me to think on my ways.

My Sunday school has contributed to enlist my feelings. Writing two dissertations on "Foreign Missions," has led me to trace the history of those holy labors, to learn more about the wants of our world, and see more fully, in the experience of missionaries, what it is to come out and be separate, and do *all* to the glory of God; to take up the cross and follow Jesus.

I felt deeply, at Dr. Romeyn's funeral, the address of Dr. Mc Auley—"so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom." It was, to ministers, peculiarly emphatic. I hope too that the sickness of Dr. Milnor has been a blessing to me, among many: I feel thankful too at having become acquainted with some of his most pious people, as well as being led to their Sunday evening prayer meeting. I thought myself fast losing a fondness for society; but I find myself, while sick of fashionable, sinful triflers, enjoying more than ever, the society of Jesus' devoted disciples.

B——— is to be ordained next Wednesday at New-Haven. I do long to be at work in the wide field, having a people looking up to me as their dear pastor—only may I have a sufficiency from God.

Sunday evening.—Went to the lecture-room where there was a prayer meeting, to return thanks for the restoration of our dear pastor. The room was full. Mr. S——— and T——— spoke most affectionately. I could not but think of the saying of Catharine Brown, "Oh! what a day it will be when all christians meet in Heaven." Only when called upon to lead in prayer, my heart seemed full of spiritual pride; but in that future meeting there will be no sin to embitter the holy joy, no heart not in full tune for unending, uninterrupted praise.

March 8.—Yesterday morning I read in Gardiner's Life, until the exercises at St. John's The service I enjoyed, and felt very tender under P——'s sermon on repentance; but that of another on falling from grace, chilled me to the heart. Instead of depending for a continued supply of grace on my own faithfulness, I wished to trust only to that *sovereign mercy* which will lead back the wandering sheep, sooner or later; and I felt, that if I had "believed in Jesus," I might also, with St. Paul, be persuaded that "he is able to keep that which I have commit-

ted to him, against that day." After dinner I engaged a room for next term, talked upon several religious topics, and spent half an hour with Dr. M———; who lent me bishop Ravenscroft's sermon against bible societies. The whole principle of it is papacy; and the whole circumstances of its delivery highly improper; I am heartily sorry, for the honor of our church, and for religion, that a bishop should have done thus.

June 29.—Yesterday afternoon I spent an hour with ———: We dwelt on the death of Mr. D———n; then she told of the death of Miss B———, some years ago, and read Miss Huntley's notice of it, and of others, in the annual address to her scholars. Our hearts were full,—we contrasted the feeling and the characers with all that is fashionable in this city;—the grave-yard at New-Haven, seemed a hallowed spot, where we should love to repose until the resurrection morn. There was a sweet solemnity and tenderness which I could wish always to possess.—This morning I have been meditating upon death and heaven.

Jan. 15.—To-day I have been in an uncommonly hallowed frame. Visited two Sunday schools,—one of them large and interesting, of the Methodist connection, which I addressed a few minutes. The superintendent said, that some elder scholars were quite serious. My mind still tender as it was yesterday, feels more and more all earthly good unsatisfying. I wonder God should ever stop my wandering heart, and soften it, to feel his presence and prize his love.

While applying his efforts to the acquisition of that knowledge which was necessary to a clergyman, Mr. Douglas was anxious to improve every opportunity of conveying spiritual benefit to his fellow men. Not only in the seminary, among his fellow students, was he active in promoting social prayer and spiritual views and feelings, but out of it he exerted what influence he could to promote a similar object. Many a social circle for prayer was emlivened by his presence. The Sunday school felt his pious influence as a teacher of the young. To a colored congregation, in the city, he was accustomed to read such devotional extracts and to impart such instruction, as might lead them to the Savior of sinners. Once in each week, upon a stated evening, he visited the garrison at Bedlow's island, in company with a fellow student, to proclaim there the glad news of salvation. There was, it may be truly said, no act of his life which was not designed to have a reference to the ministry, and to the world to come.

Though years had now matured the mind and person of Mr. Douglas, he was still, in appearance, extremely youthful, a characteristic which he retained to the end of life. His heart retained likewise, its youthful qualities, its ardor, its sensibility, and its tenderness, except when disease preyed alike upon the system and the mind. But over all this native tenderness, the propensity of Mr. Douglas to ponder the events and incidents of each passing hour, threw such an aspect of composure, as made the depth of his feelings pass commonly without notice. The upper stream of life flowed on in such a current of considerate action, as gave on its tranquil surface, but little indication to the careless eye, of the gushing springs below. He was thus able, in times of deep emotion, to rise above the influence of the strongest feelings; and to act under

the control of those safe and prudent principles which are commonly ascribed to calmer modes of being.

He was habitually thoughtful, even about common actions; and cautious in important steps, reasoning long and aiming at full knowledge, before deciding as to what was duty, what was wisdom. Some indeed deemed him cautious to excess, consuming time in self-debate and forecast of results, when action should already have begun. Yet *consequences*, except in things of mere expediency, had but little weight in his ultimate decision; and that decision when once formed, lost no force from the difficulties which it had to encounter. Obstacles, in fact, were usually foreseen when they existed; for habit made it natural, as well as circumstances necessary, to forecast his plans, even in their minute relations. These he understood so fully from studying all their possible bearings, that he was rarely taken by surprise, what way soever events turned. Meeting repulse and aspersion with grief rather than resentment, bearing meekness on the front of cautious independence, he might be said, in some degree, to join a dovelike harmlessness to a wisdom like the serpent's.

He was able, by a species of apt and light winged observation, to collect inferences from an almost infinite variety of acts in men, which to most persons would have no significance. Character, in its nicer shades especially, was to him a kind of natural and spontaneous study—resulting in a peculiarly deep insight into the human heart, both in others and himself. Being much secluded in the world from the common topics of desire and passion, he loved it mostly as a world of immortal beings, and for the hope of doing good to fellow-sinners: choosing in other respects, to live with slight relations either to its cares or pleasures; centering attachment on the circle which had watched his childhood; the loved companions that his heart had won, and the works of God, which showing forth his power and glory, even now give to earth some dim reflections of the heavenly world. How easily did his affections kindle, on meeting varieties of character, and intellect which offered hope for this world or the other. The mild combinations of sweet virtue and judicious or brilliant thought which are exhibited in the female mind, seem ever to have been held by him in pre-eminent regard; and many a fine intellect, joined often to a pure and holy life, are depicted in his Journal with a care which shows that such characters were treasured up in his mind for pleasant and warm recollections.

One may imagine how this capacity of deep interest in the qualities and states of other minds, enhanced the charm of his intimate friendships. Burdened as the heart is with irrepressible anxieties, one best knows the countless value of a friend, when a sympa-

thy that meets our trouble and *understands* it, flows from his breast spontaneously. Common minds, too, are capable of discerning when kindness, even in a stranger, chimes with their affections and wants; and, to one whose office it was soon to be, to minister consolation and persuade souls to flee from the wrath to come, no intimacy of acquaintance could be needless, with the springs of human feeling —the affections, sympathies, longings, relentings, which, fallen as man is, are the cords that bind him to eternal happiness.

Every thing as a friend, that man can be, Sutherland Douglas was, in unity of feeling, and tenderness and permanence of affection, —and all that *he* was, is treasured in sacred and salutary recollection, by more than one surviving heart. The sweetly sober spirit of his actions, is natural to the thoughts of such as were wont to meet him in the social hours of life—as natural as the smile upon his countenance, when children, won by accents of kindness, ran to offer their infant lips to his kiss. But, on the other hand, what he was in times and circumstances in which the more robust qualities are called out, his own words thus express. "The truth is, when engaged in study or business, I am all in all devoted to the matter in hand, and do not allow myself to be interrupted or defeated. Towards those whom I do not love *very much*, (and those I do are few,) I rarely exhibit any tenderness of disposition, for I cannot pretend feeling. Therefore most persons view me in the exercise of other qualities; and they who know me mostly as a student, or a man of business, would be surprised, could they see the workings of my heart in the time of freedom from care; and especially its working towards some whom it holds so dear."

But if the exercise of warm affections was thus congenial to his heart, and the circle of chosen companions and relatives one of the choicest treasures of this life—a circle which mingled with his hopes whenever he thought of heaven, or dreamt of years of usefulness below—there was a second element of happiness in the love of knowledge. The foundations of that love were doubtless laid in a perception of its absolute necessity, to one who undertook to do his utmost in the service of his Lord; but, as knowledge is in the highest degree consonant to the mind, and conjoined with love and peace of conscience, is an element of happiness to every being that is happy, he loved it too, because it is a part of wisdom. As events carried him on from stage to stage in his earthly career, and past one subject and another of lofty and fascinating study, he looked out like a traveler, with longing, upon many an extended view, from which the onward course of life was soon to hurry him away. But such acquisitions as the duties of life and limited faculties of man admit, he made. The fine writers in a few ancient and modern tongues, he was able to relish in the original; and was so

far read as a scholar, that when at last he came to set foot on the other continent, he was able to receive a vivid delight from the historical and classical associations connected with one spot and another, in the countries which he traversed.

From these traits of heart and intellect, an idea sufficiently distinct for a clear insight into the extracts that are to follow may be formed of the character of Mr. Douglas; and thus much it seemed best to introduce, at the period to which this memoir has now descended, when his life was lingering between the last days of the student and first of the pastor.

The following true and useful view of church government merits attention. Its author seems to adjudge to Episcopacy the claim of "primitive and apostolic;" but not to find, except as matter of preference, that religious moment in the question, which is assumed as well by those who *deny*, as those who maintain them. Certainly it is a question which, however engaging as a point of knowledge or inward partiality, has no connection with vital piety.

"As to the ministerial commission, sacraments, etc. I believe Bishop H. and others sincere; and I see that, from the starting point of one principle, there proceed two opposite systems: one making an external commission regularly transmitted from Christ essential: the other putting the authority of a minister on the same ground with that of a ruler. The circumstances of society show that some men ought to be chosen and set apart, for these concerns; the mode and form to be determined by circumstances; and the bible to show how far they discharge the duties of the office—a man's own conscience, as in other things to guide him the choice of what is best—and yet a Presbyterian, Baptist, and Episcopal minister may, alike, possess authority sufficient. This latter theory I prefer, though I have never seen or heard it stated. It is no more liable to abuse than the other. The Episcopal form I prefer, on the ground of adaptation to the character of society, not chiefly because "primitive and apostolic."

Again, at a much later period:

"Read Hooker's eight books of Ecclesiastical Polity. Was astonished to find his first, and much of the others, viz. the fundamental principles of church government, consisting of the same opinions I had come to a year ago, without having met with or heard of them. He puts civil and ecclesiastical government on the same ground, as to divine authority; that system of each, which is *best in given circumstances*, is desired by God, and ought to be adopted by men; but neither, to be authoritative, requires a regular succession of rulers, at first externally appointed by God himself.

Jan. 11th, 1826—All day Monday felt much elevated above the world, and uncommonly kind hearted towards every body. Though our recitation was on disputable points, I had no inclination to dispute, and avoided it. Yesterday heard E. G———'s sermon on St. Paul's authority from heaven,—well written. Bishop Hobart's criticisms were excellent. He seems to be a spiritual man, as well as one of talents; though some of his favorite sentiments I think decidedly erroneous; i. e. about extemporaneous prayer, co-operation with differing sects in benevolent operations, the doctrines of grace, exclusive Episcopacy.

Coming home at noon, had little wish to live, if my place might be supplied. Indeed, when I saw S. pursuing the same course I intended to pursue, felt that, if he could do as much as both of us together, I should be ready to die, or to sit a silent and unnoticed spectator of the progress of the cause of Christ."

The independence of Mr. Douglas not being physical, but finding its origin and support in purely moral qualities, was no proof against the blows to which its intrepidity exposed him. No man received a wound more easily, and none bled more profusely. It has been stated on a previous page, that sentiments of a cast like those upon church government just quoted, had proved a ground, already, of distrust towards the one who entertained them, among those who are called—alas! these party names—"High Church Episcopalians." In present circumstances, this occasion of his disquiet was far from having lost any thing of its harassing influence. He had, in fact, settled down in the expectation that this would be to him, through all his ministry, a source of suffering and embarrassment, —perhaps of limited usefulness,—as in fact, it proved. Much of this might have been avoided by a course of action merely negative; but such were not Mr. Douglas' views of duty. His heart, it may be said, was cradled in the New Testament—its very dye was evangelical; and if he judged prevailing notions to be barren in their consequences, and thought that love to men and vital piety could never spring forth unshackled under their reign—it was right, in declaring his emancipation to sacrifice both influence and repose, and the good will of many brethren.

One occurrence, at this time, made a deep impression on his feelings. A letter of friendly communion from the Princeton "Society of Inquiry" had been received by a similar society in the institution at New-York, to which the latter, by vote, declined to reply. In such measures the heart of Mr. Douglas would not permit him to unite. "Stating mildly, but explicitly, that I would not be identified with a society of such principles, I took a dismission, to the surprise of all. There was a deep pause,—my heart was full—and my eyes allowed it to overflow." It was, therefore, a relief from immediate inquietude, and the apprehension of serious impediments to come, when, in answer to a letter written to the Bishop of Rhode-Island, he received a welcome to his suggested plan of passing two months there, under the bishop's tutelage, and receiving ordination at his hands. After several weeks, having first received a dismission from the Seminary, he was on the way to Bristol.

May 2d.—Left New-York—felt much relieved. There was a thick fog; and twice, we just avoided running on the rocks; however, we were preserved. I never felt before so much of that "peace which passeth understanding,"—felt ready to die or to live, and labor in the ministry—to commit all things to God.

May 18th.—On Wednesday last I was ordained. The bishop's remarks at table, and all day, were very appropriate—full of wisdom and piety; he seemed, more than ever, like a father to me. My feelings were very tender and my heart full. May I never forget or be unfaithful to that day. I feel now as if consecrated to the salvation of souls in the ministry of Christ.

May 22d.—Yesterday I had not only to preach but to read the service—and

performed it three times; although several begged me not to do so, it being my first effort. While the audience were very attentive, some from curiosity, some from affectionate interest, the remark of Martyn several times came home to my heart,—"Oh! did they but know that my *root* is *rottenness*."

June 4th.—This morning was communion,—my heart very cold and wandering, full of pride—desire to preach well to-night, as I am to preach on 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16. There is a pride of faithfulness, solemnity, orthodoxy, as odious as the desire of simply pleasing, whether by matter or by manner. The former pride much troubles me.

July 8th.—My feelings have been tried to day. Before a family circle, ——— read me some lines which seemed to me, perhaps mistakenly, intended for severe ridicule upon some points of taste in Miss —— and myself, as unfolded of late, and particularly, in our Wednesday's sail. I may have deserved it. I know my feelings are peculiar; and that, when I meet with character of a certain cast, I show my preference too plainly, and indulge in admiration, with such persons, of our favorite beauties of scenery and character: I have too much pride of refinement and the like. But those lines came like a blight upon my heart. They made me mourn—not chiefly for myself—but for the condition of men. There was no emotion of personal resentment; but the sense of a wound to my most deep and delicate feelings. At our evening meeting read Rev. 22, and spoke a half hour on the 16th and 17th verses—felt solemn and tender, and raised above this world. Being the last I shall attend here, it was to me, peculiarly interesting. Amid all my pains and pleasures, more and more I long to flee away and be at rest: could I only see all I love, seeking, with me, a city to come.

July 9th.—This morning my feelings are so tender I could hardly, at the breakfast table, keep from shedding tears. Could I have deserved that reproof?—the very thought is worse than the reproof itself. I trust it has done me some good: it has given that tenderness and humbleness of spirit which I love,—and, especially, on the sabbath. I feel as if I could preach to-day with some affection, by reason of these circumstances, and it being my last in Bristol. (Noon.) Through all the morning exercises felt very tender and humble. One lesson was, it happened, Acts 20, Paul's farewell to the Ephesians. Oh! that all were applicable to myself. Of one thing I am certain; that, here, "I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God." I feel indifferent to-day, to the praises of men, and to most circumstances of place,—if I may only be a meek, affectionate, faithful minister of the gospel.

Having fulfilled the charge committed to him in the bishop's absence, of ministering to his congregation, the young laborer was now to leave the place made precious as the field in which his hand had first been privileged to scatter the good seed; where he had had ministered both publicly and in private, at the Lord's house and at the grave, in the sick chamber, and on those occasions which our present state of being numbers among its most joyful and sanctioned festivities. Leaving behind him scenes and persons, that he could not fail to love, he went out into the field—the world, and "Providence the guide."

Leaving the future for a while unsettled, he traveled much during the four following months; preaching both at Troy, and at many near and distant villages and towns. Upon a tour made in this period to Quebec, by Niagara, and the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and his returning tour down Lake Champlain, the following remark occurs; "this very tour has made me more ashamed of my species—more dissatisfied with the world: but in the charge of my

Redeemer, "go ye into all the world," &c. I find that which throws over this state of probation a new beauty and greatness, and points *every* human being, (not ministers alone,) not only to his duty but also to his happiness and highest attainment."

Returning to Troy, where a general interest in religion was at the time prevalent, he was greatly encouraged by the influence of divine truth upon his near relations; and by the interest with which a boy eight years old, who had been awakened to a pious life by his former preaching at that place, came to make inquiries respecting the paths of wisdom and way of eternal life. It was here too that the plan was formed, which he afterwards carried into execution, of spending the approaching winter at the south, in the labors of a voluntary mission.

In November he was present in Philadelphia, at the Episcopal convention; where his heart rejoiced over the progress of true religion and correct sentiment in his church. Returning to New-York, he awaited the companions of his southern voyage; and sought in the meantime, an interview with the bishop of that diocese, who had once taken steps respecting an alledged breach of discipline on his part, but who at a later period gave him the most gratifying proofs of personal kindness. In this city he was subject to sorrow, chiefly from the "coldness and distrust" of many, towards whose well-being his heart went out in warm desires. Yet it softened instead of irritating his feelings—weaned him from the world—made him cling to the children of God, and seek in God himself his portion. That an unchanging comforter was ever nigh, let such scenes bear record as the following.

Nov. 20.—Read service in the morning yesterday, for Dr. M———; and in the afternoon preached myself. It was the anniversary of the Sandwich mission from New-Haven, and a pleasing coincidence that, just four years after, Mr. Charles Stewart, the missionary, should be hearing me; and that (at the same hour of day at which I saw him depart with no prospect of returning) my sermon heard by him should, at its close, be as expressive of our feelings on that occasion, as any thing I could have written purposely. It was my sermon on "Love to the Brethren." After church we went to Mrs. S———'s, with whom and Miss K———, at the departure of the missionaries, I waited on the wharf to catch the last glimpses. On three anniversaries, of the four, I have happened in their company; but could not have thought it possible that Mr. S——— himself, on either, should be with us. I read my sermon to the ladies, as suited to the feelings of us all; and we spent the whole evening in prayer and conversation and singing—closing with "Wake, Isles of the South," and "Blest be the tie that binds."

It was not like earth;—my heart was so full that I could talk but little. Oh! there is that in christian fellowship, even on earth, which the world know not; what then will be the fellowship of all the holy in heaven forever and forever! Oh, the purchase of a Savior's blood—the ties of souls alike redeemed, and tending from earth to heaven.

On December 10th, his vessel, the Statira, sailed southward:

Our limits forbid us to dwell on the occurrences of this tour, or of the two succeeding years; at the expiration of which we find Mr. Douglas settled as pastor of a young and promising church at Rochester, N. Y. The events which transpired during the interval, had materially changed the course of his life, or left a deep impress on his mind. He had traveled through the southern states, and had returned enriched with spiritual wisdom and extended observation. He had found a temporary resting place and field of labor, in the charge of St. John's church at Georgetown, D. C.; whence he had passed to the rising and important station from which his influence was beginning now to be diffused.

The same interval had been witness to his marriage, the crowning act of an early attachment. As in him all acts were made the handmaid of religion, and his enjoyments and sufferings were equally the instruments of eradicating sin and promoting his growth in spiritual wisdom, so did this deep current of affection which wore its channel through so much of his life, minister to the graces of his christian character. In addition to these changes in his outward circumstances, a deep change, in the interval, had passed upon the man himself. A malady of the digestive organs had commenced its ravages both on his mind and body, producing torpor, restlessness, undue excitability, and heart sinking,—a disease which often preys upon the man, while it denies him the common lenitive of human sympathy—tasking him to move about with the semblance of activity in the duties of his station, while the very springs of life are failing.

On the character of Mr. Douglas, these painful visitations had a refining influence, as he was able clearly to discern. He now reaped the benefit of his early and untiring observation of the mind's various modes and habits; for he was thus enabled to discover in this life, the design of many a dark dispensation, to unravel which he must otherwise have waited for the disclosures of a future state. Temporal enjoyments were now cut off, or turned into sources of pain; and his soul was thus called up to God for happiness. His disappointments and sufferings gave the reins to this, and power to that undiscovered propensity; laying bare the more *hidden* estrangements of the heart, and thus finishing the work, and unasked, bringing out the results of protracted self-examination.

It is probable from a remarkable passage which we find in the Journal of Mr. Douglas, during the interval in question, that this disease had commenced its ravages long before he was aware of its existence. He there describes a temporary wane of social feeling, and decay of sensibility, which was singular in a mind of so much tenderness. This decay he ascribed to causes purely mental; but as they seem hardly adequate to the effects assigned, it may fairly

be conjectured that disease, even then, was lurking in his system. The effect, when limited to himself, was burdensome enough to one whose pleasures lay so much in the warm affections—but became enhanced almost to desolation, when he saw it reaching some, whose happiness had become entwined with his. After relating that in the summer of 1826, attachments had less power than usual on his mind, and religious feelings, at the same time, more, the passage thus continues.

The journey to Quebec, and my intercourse with the family of Gov. S—— proved an exciting cause to my mind, as had my intercourse with —— of —— during the summer. My visit in Georgia, the winter of 1826—27, had a like, but a still more powerful, effect in keeping alive and enriching my social feelings; especially my intimacy with Mrs. W——, Mr. B——'s family of Mount Zion, Mr. T. C—— and son's families of Augusta, and those three interesting widows, Mrs. S———, J—— and W———. It was a winter in every respect full of instruction in the character and condition of men, and in the Providence and grace of God: To this hour the memory of it always comes over me like a breath of life; and those names are likely to be immortal in their power over my mind. But the final departure from all these friends—the lonely journey on horseback, through Tennessee and Virginia, had a paralyzing influence. When I was again in New-York and New-Haven, and Vermont, and Troy, I proved that feeling had almost died within me. There was a calm content, an indisposition to intellectual activity or *business* of any kind; but no social tenderness nor power to interest or to be interested with even those who are nearest and dearest. It was a crisis in my history. The effect upon ———, discovered in a visit at M—— and Lake George, and its effect too upon ——, made known about the time, determined me to struggle for a new existence. Oh! what would I not have given then for the heart I had in former days! I was as a withered tree, mocking those that had hung upon its branches, and cherished its life. And a cloud brooded over it, from which one stroke of lightning, it seemed, would scathe it forever. But the cloud burst forth in drops that went to its heart's core. The sun shone upon it still—it leaned awhile upon those that had clung to *it*, and for them and for Zion's sake, it renewed its youth. Trusting that it is "planted in the house of the Lord," it seeks "to flourish in the courts of our God" forever, thus "to show that the Lord is gracious, and that there is no unrighteousness in him."

It was after this record, that Mr. Douglas, declining several invitations, accepted the one to which we have before alluded, at Georgetown; and having in December 1827, been united in marriage, at New-York, to Miss Harriet L. Staples, daughter of Seth P. Staples, Esq. formerly of New-Haven, had entered on that field of labor. It was a delightful spot to them; the society was polished, and the more spiritual portion were "very—very interesting and valuable." Thus happily situated, the call to Rochester found them, and circumstances made it a call of plain duty. But, simultaneously with this removal, we may trace the first severe stroke of that disease which ultimately brought him to the grave. Still, after long abstinence and travel, his health seemed sufficiently revived to justify a public entrance upon the ministerial charge at Rochester. In the middle of September he took up his residence there—in three weeks was settled in the parsonage; and on Nov. 23d, received priest's orders from Bishop Hobart, in St. John's church at New-

York. The following extracts record some incidents and feelings of his new situation.

Dec. 24.—In intercourse with society, and even religious dealings with christians, I have continually to feel that there is much more of talking about religion than acting for it; more care for congregational or individual interests than for the salvation of souls and glory of God; more pride of acting than humble gratitude for the privilege. In short, in reference to religion, few bring to her service the spirit of Christ or of Paul; or the habits, even, of *men of business.* We ought to "work with our might while the day lasts," and much more for our God than for ourselves. And this implies a consciousness that the day of life cannot be long; and that, for any work, the *best* time is the *first possible.* If in matters of the world we think thus, why not in those of heaven?

Just seven years ago, to-morrow, christmas day, I first went forward to the sacrament of the Lord's supper, at New-Haven, in Mr. Croswell's church. Not one hour of the intervening period has been what it ought, or what it professed to be. When I think of the way in which God has led me, I am lost in wonder. Conviction of sin is sweet when it exalts the cross of Jesus, and places us at his feet. How interesting to me the coincidences of to-morrow! Our taking possession of the basement; our first communion as a people; the anniversary of the birth of our Redeemer, and also of my first partaking of his body and blood with the professors of his name.

Dec. 29.—Yesterday was like spring. Our basement was well attended, morning and afternoon. I preached on being ashamed of Christ, with all my energies, and an unusual sense of the authority and sacredness of the truth; but not with so much child-like feeling as I sometimes can possess. My mind had been discomposed and grieved by a request from some, that I would give two of my best sermons to "strike those who would come out of curiosity." These appearances of policy and courting, so unlike the simplicity and faithfulness of the gospel of Christ, and of Paul, dishearten me more than any form of temptation without. Nothing so warms and encourages and draws out my energies, as an evident seeking after and valuing of the truth and cross of Christ.

July 29.—Oh! the character of God, how rich,—so holy, so just, so wise, so good! Without it to rest upon, how unmeaning, how trying this life; what would become of the human mind!

Faith in this character, how it overcomes the world! What else can do it! I never saw such proof of this as in Mrs. ——: Her husband, after taking tea on Saturday as usual, was found dead in his garden, by a rupture of the heart. Such agony as hers I never witnessed, such heart-rending appeals; yet even then she had a clear conviction that God was reigning in the event, and reigning wisely and kindly. He seems to have been training her to meet it and to triumph in it.

To-day my spirits have been sunk; and more than once, of late, I have felt my heart almost broken. I have seemed so worthless, so sinful, such a trial to others in this life—yet so unfit for another! At any moment, to-day, I could have wept; and more than once my eyes did overrun with tears, as I thought of my faults, my duties and my sufferings. But to-night I feel as if I had been enabled to do good, and get more, in conversation with Mrs. ——— about God. As I prayed with her, I could feel that we were little children, and he our Father.

She even now, has been cast down with doubts; but, after some poor suggestions of mine, a new meaning of the late event, and her whole history, opened upon her. She seemed to see a token in her present child-like confidence in God that she might call him *her* Father,—and she said it was all she wanted.

She knew before, that God was a rock—but not that she herself stood upon it. Her spirit, of late all agitated, had before been calm under the presence of God; but now, it was brightening under his felt reflexion. And Oh! to see it—to be at all instrumental towards it—it was enough for my heart. I felt happy to live.

I have very severe trials as a pastor, but God will determine the result.

The preaching of Mr. Douglas derived its substance from the warm and practical truths of religion. It was full of earnestness and persuasion. Common persons felt its force, though it was

often *contemplative* in its character, and better suited to an audience of highly cultivated intellect, than to plain and unreflecting minds. It was, doubtless, requisite as to the mass of hearers, that they should be molded to it, ere the full results could be realized, which might be looked for from the ministrations of one possessing such piety and talents. The necessary time, however, was never granted; the longest single term of service being at Rochester, and that scarcely a twelve-month.

That period of life, however, was chequered in its limited circuit, with much variety of desert and of green. One standing topic of thanksgiving was the accession to the family circle of a little son, now four months old, promising and lovely as the parents' hearts could wish, who had been given to God from birth, and was early baptized by the father and called by his name. The chief occasion of inquietude, (made more heavy by constant bodily derangement and debility,) resulted from his unmixed desire, which others did not entertain in the same undivided measure, of building up a congregation which should be purely spiritual. In fact, the hopes of doing good at Rochester, and all the treasures of spiritual expectation and desire which a young minister had laid up with tears, and prayer, and longing, were soon to pass away. It was a populous and growing village of high importance, and all the arrangements of the congregation had been made on a scale too large, though only meant to meet the local circumstances and the enterprising spirit of the place. The discovery of some uncongenial elements in the congregation tending to divert their co-operation with him in spiritual things, joined to broken health, had a strong effect to repress their clergyman's pastoral abilities, and to prevent them from appearing in their true character. It is probable the people were not aware of the spiritual treasure which they possessed; so that, on the occurrence of a change of times, their own pecuniary embarrassments were left to press so heavily on him, that neither the man, having dear dependents, nor the holy office, exempt as it should be from worldly cares, could sustain the pressure. Under these painful circumstances, without one indication of wounded pride, he resigned his pastoral office at Rochester, in August 1829.

"All things work together for good to those that love God." The faithful in a day of trouble, sometimes enjoy such inspirations of holy affection, as to bedim, and to themselves, obliterate all past experience. Thus what God denies to the present hope, he makes up in the spiritual well-being; sorrows, as well as smiles, bring the young character to perfection. So the immature fruit, long nurtured by both sun and rains, suddenly swells and blushes, mellow and rich for the garden of God. Having left Rochester, Mr. Douglas was called to Quincy, Mass. to fill the place made vacant by the

ill health of the Rev. Mr. Cutler, and here we find this man of God pouring forth his soul in strains like these.

Mrs. R—— rode with me to the church-yard; and I had a dear talk with her as a child of God, trusting in him under the loss of her little one, and looking up to me as her Pastor. To-night I preached on "Whom in heaven but thee," Psalms 73; my soul really absorbed in it, and above the world. Oh! it is a precious state of mind. I have deeply and dearly loved the ministry to-day; and yet I never before so felt my nothingness in it. It is a clear, cold, windy night, —the moon almost full in the heavens: and the feeling has been in my mind that ere long—perhaps very soon—I may be sleeping in my grave, (the world none the loser.) The thought is serious and tender; but it is very, very sweet to my soul.

Dec. 25th.—I know not when I have had such a sense of the elevation, and love, and condescension of Jesus, his power now exercised, and his coming glory, as I had in my study this afternoon. Yet my heart was cold, compared with the subject and longed to comprehend and be filled, and burn over it, like the angels and the saints in light. At the same time my own history came before me. Nine years ago to-day, I first went forward to the "Lord's supper." And oh! what a period. My choice of a profession, my attachment to Harriet, my course in the seminaries, my ordination, my marriage, my several residences, my housekeeping, my intercourse with friends as a professor of religion, my whole official and private course—it seems to me that scarcely one movement has arisen or proceeded upon real love of souls, or sense of the worth of Jesus and fellowship with God. Not one but that I felt had been corrupted, and prayed him to blot out from his remembrance; to create me now anew; to cleanse the very thoughts of my heart and fill me with his spirit, that I may perfectly love him, and worthily magnify his holy name. Yet, thanks to his grace, I did feel that I loved the ministry, and counted the office indeed, a rich grace—richer than any to angels given.

I did seem to consecrate my all to him in this service. He is precious to me as he is to those who believe. For my parents, and brothers, and sisters, and all I love, I asked no other portion than the joys and triumphs over sin, and death, and the world, of this faith in his name. I saw the advance of his latter glory. I prayed for my fellow ministers in his cause. I felt that he would dispose of us where and as he thought best; and that he will build up and extend his Zion, and make her the joy of the whole earth: And I asked not to know or to choose where I should be laboring in the vineyard—so I might do all in my power for his glory and the salvation of the world, and on resting from my work on earth, be with him—a pure spirit in heaven.

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
By his own precious blood.

Sure as his truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven."

While life was passing in these holy joys and sorrows, disease made no pause in its ravages. A few ill-digested morsels of food had power, in spite of the most rigid abstinence, to become the constant source of extreme mental and bodily irritation. Now and then a breeze of health would come over him, reviving the mind and bringing back the freshness of youth; inspiring such expectations of permanent relief, that it was finally determined to accept an invitation at Fredericktown, in Maryland; if upon trial,

his system should be found capable of sustaining the charge. With a view to this trial, Mr. Douglas preached at Quincy a farewell sermon, the last he ever wrote in America. The subject was well suited to one who was so soon to bid farewell to earth—"life the infancy of being." Then with his family, taking leave of his dear, temporary charge at Quincy, they reached New-York at a time ever after memorable in their history of private sorrows; for there a sudden stroke of death cut down their infant in the early flower.

It will be interesting to learn how such a father sustained this new and unlooked for affliction. It may be gathered from the review which he afterwards took of the event, while yet recent, at Fredericktown; to which place he had gone, leaving at New-York the partner of this and every sorrow,—now made more dear by this last privation. Having mentioned events as they occurred after leaving Quincy, he goes on to relate in order, his own absence during the child's short illness; his return—and it was dead. The child's departure had been peaceful, his mother sitting by him, and "his corpse most beautiful." At New-Haven, in the family lot of "that sweet burial ground" a grave was prepared; and there, himself, and two relatives, and a brother clergyman the only witnesses, all that was left of that young hope was buried. In concluding his narrative of these tender events and incidents, the father adds:

> But how shall I describe the feelings arising out of this series of events, now stated.* * * * My dear wife has been wonderfully sustained. It was a trial to leave her by herself—to withdraw the arm of her husband and the touch of his throbbing heart, when the "pet lamb of her bosom," expected to supply his place, had just been snatched away. But I trust that he who is better than father or husband is with her still; and that he will restore her health and deepen the foundations of her happiness.
>
> All the circumstances of little Sutherland's departure were ordered in kindness. He was a most promising child, in mind and heart. *No one* knew how dear he was to me. I was afraid to indulge my tenderness towards him, I felt such a responsibility about his character. My associations with him will always be full of deep meaning and tears. I am too fond of children to have had one so promising, all my own, to become what I should have endeavored and prayed; and then with my health restored to enjoy his growth and fellowship: And I feel happy that a Father in heaven took—to form him for eternity amid the spirits that are perfect, and in the immediate presence of himself. I do believe the dispensation full of wisdom and mercy towards us his parents.

With this must terminate the ministerial career in America of our departed friend. The issue of the temporary experiment then making at Fredericktown, to determine whether strength and spirits adequate to the demands of a pastoral life remained, settled the fact decidedly that they did not. Entire suspension from all mental labor and anxiety could alone offer a hope of radical amendment. A voyage to Europe, and a sojourn of several months upon the continent, were at length decided on; and on the 10th of June 1830, the last sail faded that bore him from New-York—to be seen no more. But oh! what waves of mingled hope and misgiving rolled

over his breast, while the shores were yet in view; what passionate expressions of attachment escaped his pen; what bitter and causeless self-reproaches. Sensitive by nature and habit, but depressed or unnaturally excitable from disease, he had all along been in some respects, a trial, from very sorrow, to those whom he most wished to bless; and now, all loved and confided in as he was, he thought a world of desire would be filled, if he could assure others of a love equal in return.

On July 4th he writes from Havre, where he had just arrived. After a few weeks stay in Paris, it was his design to pass into the Netherlands and Holland, to remain awhile in Switzerland, and go thence to Italy. We have no room to narrate more than detached incidents of this extended tour, in the circuit of which many principal cities were included, together with scenes of the highest historical interest and works of taste, as well as wonders of created magnificence and beauty. He ascended some of the most interesting mountains of Switzerland; and in one instance, being enveloped in snow, he barely escaped with his life, by returning, while some fellow-travelers who ventured forward, were lost. Here we are taken by surprise—it was so unlike him to return. Reposing awhile at Geneva, he met with a kind reception from the clergymen and people of the persecuted church there; in whose society and intercourse he was favored with a new and striking sense of the privilege and blessedness of holy living. Passing thence into Italy as far as Rome, he was conversant awhile both with the soft scenery of the region, and its accumulated monuments of art and aged superstition. After a lapse of some months, he returned to Paris through Genoa and Toulon.

The wide regions which were the witness of his wanderings, have often been traversed by the traveler and the scholar; and nothing can be here added to the knowledge which they have brought back of nature, and art, and customs of society. But few more spiritual travelers have moved among their scenes, and none, perhaps, have more fully recorded their impressions! It is an interesting record, indited by the hand that now writes no more, embodying the reflections of a child of God on the wave, in the city, along the rocky ledge; every where gathering more enlarged capacities to understand and to do his Father's will, and deeper sorrow for the estrangement of our race from God and happiness. "All that I have experienced," he writes from Rome, "whether pleasant or painful; all that has drawn my attention in nature, or art, or human society, has tended towards one and the same impression,—a more realizing sense of the fallen estate of our world, and the spiritual wants of its inhabitants; my own sinfulness, and the vanity of worldly pursuits; the grace of God in Christ Jesus, and the responsibility

and preciousness of the ministry of his cross. If there be one wakened energy, any concentrated longing in my mind, it is to be an instrument of my Redeemer in that ministry; to spend my days in the simplicity of a heavenly mind, doing all that Providence shall allow in blessing the sphere of its probation. I have been here in the solitudes of nature's majesty; in the city crowd; amid the best reliques of genius—the most interesting monuments of ages past, and the revolutions of the present; and what do they tell me? That the mountains shall pass away as a scroll; that man is a vapor, and at his best estate vanity; that our race have sought out many inventions, and are in the shadow of death. I have marked the pursuits which distinguish them in every clime. They are every where the same; 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.' The body is all in all, the soul sinks, sins and dies."

The foregoing paragraphs present the reader with an outline of the course pursued by Mr. Douglas in his travels, and the general impression which a ten months' observation of our race upon the other continent, left upon his mind. But in the manuscript which forms the record of this period, there occur passages that rise in interest above the ordinary current of narration; and such of these as there is yet space to embody in this memoir, it is meet that our pen should record, while it may yet linger among these last memorials of an early friend, full soon, alas! summoned to the tomb.

Of the extracts which follow, the first is taken from a letter to his wife; and bears date at Geneva, after a part of the circuit of Switzerland had been made.

Sept. 10th, 1830.—Traveling, you know, is always unfavorable. The irregular hours—necessity of making arrangements at every turn for the one to follow; the continual succession of new objects: and an American in Europe, of course encounters all these in the extreme. But besides them all, he finds the sabbath comparatively little regarded; and as to those who do love God, (few at most in any country,) he cannot understand their language. For these reasons, along with the groundwork too fully prepared in my own heart, I have not had so much truly religious enjoyment as I had at Quincy. The voyage was in this respect, the best period of my absence. Still there have been times when I have felt peculiarly the presence, or if not the presence with me, the excellence of God. Scarcely a day passes without my owning the need of a Savior, and the preciousness of christian fellowship. And I think that, aside from every corporeal, sentimental, intellectual advantage of this tour, I may carry home to some field of pastoral influence, results of my own observation and matters of religious experience, of much value. Such things give a reality, an authority, an entire worth to the bible. It is good for practical application, to find the book we have read in childhood, by some secluded spot, so verified in maturer years and over all the world. It is good even to miss elsewhere, what we have learnt at home to expect every where, and to identify with the very name of religion, and even of cultivation and existence itself. Still, wherever I may be, and whatever I may have experienced, I feel that *sin* will abound in me to the end of life. I will say also, though from a cold, deranged, all-polluting heart, that every thing in Europe conspires to make me feel that there is a God, though so unsought by most; and that life is valueless without Him, whether for prince or peasant; and to rejoice

that, in early life, I was called to receive him as my God—as my guide even unto death. Pray that I may be led home to declare him with all my soul, and to show myself the more alive to save souls from death, and the more constrained by the love of Christ. Let us—my more than wife, my sister-spirit for eternity—let us leave the things which are behind and press forward to those which are before.

The next extract exhibits the emotions which were excited by a sudden view of Mount Blanc, though not the first. Having entered Switzerland from the Low Countries by a course along the Rhine, he had already been upon "the Rigi," at that time a region of sleet and storm,—had ascended the pass of "the great St. Bernard," and crossing from Martigny to the vale of Chamouni, had first caught the overpowering majesty of Mount Blanc from the summit of the "Col de Balme." Journeying on to Geneva, whence the preceding passage was written, he was now making an excursion up the valley of the Arve to the "Baths of St. Gervais," where the scene is laid of the following narration.

This morning I was in doubt whether to remain or not; but concluded that I should like the Circle well for the sabbath, and that I would come to the church of "Notre Dame de la Neige" in time for the service; and in the meanwhile enjoy my solitude among the mountains. It is the last chapel on the way across the mountains; a walk of three hours from Geneva, and one hour beyond any village, as it were on the border-line between the inhabited world and the solitudes of nature,—only two or three houses about it; the interior full of Romish inscriptions and gaudy ornaments, pointing more to the virgin Mary than to our Father in Heaven. Yet there was one motto, over one window, which struck me as very appropriate—"His foundation is on the mountains." At one pass on the way, I could not but stop to look at the scenery behind me.—To pass over smiling fields, and a foaming stream hurrying through their midst, there was what in most countries would be a mountain of the deepest and richest green; behind it several summits—and one most graceful slope, of the whitest snow, and above, the sky in its best combination of blue and white. Supposing it the Col du Bon Homme, I said to myself—certainly I have found a rival to Mount Blanc; but I learnt that it was that queen herself of European mountains. I never had such impressions of the beautiful, the elevated, the pure; and the one thought was, if such can be made out of matter, (a thing we tread upon,) what may not be made of the eternal spirit; what may we not try to imagine, or own beyond our imaginings, as to the Infinite One, the Creator of all.

The night was passed at an obscure spot called "Nant Bourant," not many miles from St. Gervais, and in the midst of the "circuit of Mount Blanc." It was the following day that brought with it the peril already mentioned, which he was near encountering, and which overtook the companions of his way. The whole passage forcibly exhibits the hazard and extreme labor at which travelers sometimes purchase their most valued indulgences..

Monday when I awoke it was snowing fast—not a distant object to be seen. I made up my mind to return that day to the valley; but while I was dressing, seventeen pedestrians arrived, members of some university, on a vacation range. They invited me to join them, and my desire to reach the "Aller Blanche" induced me to do it. Leaving my knapsack, I took only a cloak and my long mountain pole; without the latter I could not have succeeded at all in gaining some ascents. We started forth single file—the guide in front, ourselves unable

to see any distance because of the storm. It had covered the ground already to the depth of a foot; and we were obliged to take turns as to marching in front, to make the path. No one but a guide accustomed to traverse it could have told where it ought to be; and when found it is, even in good weather, so steep and rough that Mr. Henry Dwight pronounced his journey over it the most fatiguing day's work of his life. You may well believe that even his limbs would have quailed that morning, if after ascending continually three hours, he found himself as I was, up to my thighs in snow. Sometimes we fell our whole length, and I rejoiced I had been disappointed at Nant Bourant, as to obtaining a mule; for nothing would have tempted me to rest on any other feet than my own in those passes. I had soon after starting, become convinced that there was little chance of a clear view and fine weather at Aller Blanche. So I declared my intention to return; but the guide would not let me—saying I would certainly lose my way; and I doubt not he was right. However when we had just reached the summit of the Col du Bon Homme (not half the way to Cormayeur however,) we met three men conducting some cows and sheep. So taking them as companions and guides, I returned forthwith to Nant Bourant; stopped only for my sack, and held on my way to the baths of St. Gervais, twelve miles farther. That valley, so smiling the day before, was then all clouds and rain—and my natural reflection was, how sudden and entire the changes of life.

I neglected to say that while I was breakfasting at Nant Bourant, four Englishmen arrived with a guide; and I doubted whether to join them or the party of seventeen. We left the former to dry themselves and take breakfast. When returning I met them an hour from Nant Bourant. An hour after I passed them they lost their way, near the spot where I turned back,—the storm thickened; one of them and the guide had to carry another of the four two hours, in snow up to the breast—then leave him to die: he was an Episcopal clergyman from Brighton, England. Shortly after another failed and was left to die: while the two with the guide were only able, as night closed on them, to reach a chalet off the way, the only one within some distance.

The seventeen, whom I had left, and the guide, soon lost their way—could see nothing, and wandered for hours in the deep snow before they reached the chalet. Oh, may I, thus watched over—I, redeemed with blood—I, who at every turn in life have been a creature of grace; may I have returned to give glory to God!

We insert, next and last, the concluding paragraph of Mr. Douglas' private journal, dated Florence, Oct. 31st, 1830.

The mere consciousness of returning life, of elasticity and sensibility, in contrast to deadness and inertia, is enough for me; but it is not yet so entire and constant with me, but that when it comes for a day or an hour, it fills me with tears of tenderness, and sends my heart out of myself towards my friends and my God.

It was in such a state that I enjoyed our service—and especially the administration of the Lord's supper, this morning. It is the first time of my having an opportunity to receive the latter since my departure from America,—I mean in our own church. And the service never seemed to me so dear, so expressive, so like the soul communing on earth with its God and Savior.

The 146th Psalm, a part of the Psalter, I found in my bible marked "Sept. 4th, 1825." But what a different being I was then! how much more suited and needing and able to enter into it now! especially the 3d, 4th, 5th, 9th, 10th verses. Oh! it is precious.

"THY GOD, OH ZION! SHALL REIGN FOREVER;" and we who believe in Jesus are born and brought to "*praise Him while we have any being.*"

Oh! my Father in heaven—hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done here as it is in heaven. Give me my daily bread (with thee to provide we cannot want) forgive my sins, and amid all the temptations of the world, deliver me from its evil, and from the worse evils of my own nature. And then I will learn and hope to praise thee as the Infinite God, forever and ever.

The symptoms of retiring disease had long been so uniform, that Mr. Douglas felt his hopes of firm health progressively brightening;

and when again at Paris, in April 1831, he felt almost adequate to reassert his wonted vigor. He was not so well, however, for a few days previous to the 22d, which was the day of his arrival in London. It had been his wish, after a short residence in that metropolis, and before embarking for America, to spend the interval in a brief tour through some parts of Scotland, and to arrive in New-York about the end of August. But now a fever and debility came over him; thought by some to have been a new and distinct disorder,—by others, only the terminating crisis of the old one. In either case, it fastened on a system shattered and incapable of vigorous resistance. Its violence was aggravated by excessive exercise, taken under a mistaken impression that the disorder was nothing more than a return of common and old symptoms. Happily there was present with him a friend of his early years, Mrs. Willard of Troy, through whose counsel and watchful care, aided by other friends, he wanted nothing when laid low with sickness. The disease proved to be a stupifying fever, which threw over its subject a general insensibility, permitting only at times a clear perception of things around him. In a lucid interval he was told the apprehensions of his attendants. He received the communication calmly, and desired that the physician should be made acquainted with his character, and told that it would not startle him to know the worst. Being asked to mention a clergyman in whose spiritual offices he would most confide, he named the Rev. Daniel Wilson of Islington, with whose writings he was acquainted.

Mr. Wilson was spending the evening with some friends, when the note was delivered to him stating the situation of Mr. Douglas, and his confidence in Mr. Wilson's spiritual character; and requesting him to call immediately on the sufferer, that prayer might be made at his extremest need, for one who could no longer pray for himself. This note Mr. Wilson read immediately after family prayers, and the little band again prayed—not for themselves, but for the stranger in distress. Mr. Wilson then hastened to the chamber of his sick brother, and joined in prayer and conversation, which seemed to be received by him with satisfaction, though sometimes with imperfect consciousness; and which are remembered with gratitude and gladness by all who loved the dead.

When Mr. Douglas was asked if he had any messages to leave for friends in case of his death, or any directions about worldly concerns, he replied that he had none. "In that case," said he, "it is impossible for a man to utter what is in the depths of his heart; but for months I have been writing to them, and been particular to write *all*." As to worldly affairs his expression was, "you will find every thing in a state of singular completeness." And so indeed it was. Every article was properly disposed, every paper

labeled, every direction written,—the work of life was fully done, its troubles ended, all its sufferings over. As a laborer, when his task is finished, goes weary and worn out to repose—as the stars in a misty night sink to their rest to rise again in the glories of the east, so did he rest from his labors and sink into the grave. His remains lie buried in the vicinity of London.

Some months after, the Rev. Mr. Nettleton, to whom he owed his first religious impressions, being in company with a number of clergymen of the English Church, was called upon to describe those revivals of religion by which God is doing so much for the church in America. He told them that he was taken unawares, that it would require many interviews like that to do justice to the subject; but that he would relate some incidents of a revival in which he was interested ten years before, at New-Haven, in which Yale College was situated. "One of its first subjects was a young man of promising talents, of an amiable disposition, of interesting manners, who afterwards entered the ministry of your own church. I watched his progress with much interest, for I considered him as one of my spiritual children. He was settled first at Georgetown, then at Rochester, where he lost his health, and was obliged to visit Europe for its restoration. I learned that he was improving not only in health, but in christian character, and was anticipating his return to his own country with increased desires and ability of being useful, when he came to London—and died here. I have been from one end of this great city to the other—I have inquired of many if they had ever met him, but the name of SUTHERLAND DOUGLAS was unknown to them all—can you tell me any thing respecting him?"

Mr. Wilson came forward, his eyes full of tears—"My dear sir, I can tell you all about him: I attended on his dying hours, and he now lies buried in my family-vault." There was not a dry eye in the room; and this circumstance was soon known and related in almost every religious circle in London.

And it may be added, that when this was told at home, there was one whose heart more than all others united, had missed his presence in the places which shall now know him no more; who had wondered that at least his remains might not have been laid by the side of his little babe,—but when she learned that he now lies a monument of the grace of God in revivals, to be read in other lands, to the glory of those spiritual wonders of which he was a fruit at home, she felt that even the spot of his grave was not unmarked by providence, and that not a hair of his head had fallen to the ground without his Father.